SCENE IV. A Prison.

Enter POSTHUMUS, *and Two Gaolers,*

1 *GAOL.* You shall not now be stolen[9], you have locks upon you;
So, graze, as you find pasture.

2 *GAOL** Ay, or a stomach.

\|*Exeunt Gaolers.*

POST. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,
I think, to liberty: Yet am I better
Than one that's sick o' the gout: since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity, than be cur'd By the sure physician, death; who is the key To unbar these locks. My conscience ! thou art fetter'd More than my shanks, and wrists: You good gods^ give me
The penitent instrument, to pick that bolt, Then, free for ever! Is't enough, I am sorry ? So children temporal fathers do appease; Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent ? I cannot do it better than in gyves, Desir'd, more than constrained : to satisfy, If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take No stricter render of me, than my all *.

9 You shall not now be stolen,] The wit of the Gaoler alludes to the custom of putting a lock on a horse's leg, when he is turned to pasture. JOHNSON. r — to satisfy,
IP OF my freedom 'tis the main part, take No stricter render of me, than my all.] Posthumus questions whether contrition be sufficient atonement for guilt. Then, to satisfy the offended gods, he desires them to take no more than